Here I was in the very noonday of life, fresh from Lady Macbeth and still young enough to play Rosalind, suddenly called upon to play a rather uninteresting mother in " The Dead Heart." However, my son Teddy made his first appearance in it, and had such a big success that I soon forgot that for me the play was rather " small beer."

It had been done before, of course, by Benjamin Webster and George Vining. Henry engaged Bancroft for the Abbe, a part of quite as much importance as his own. It was only a melodrama, but Henry could always invest a melodrama with life, beauty, interest, mystery, by his methods of production.

" I'm full of French Revolution," he wrote to me when he was preparing the play for rehearsal, " and could pass an examination. In our play, at the taking of the Bastille we must have a starving crowd—hungry, eager, cadaverous faces. If that can be well carried out, the effect will be very terrible, and the contrast to the other crowd (the red and fat crowd—the blood-gorged ones who look as if they'd been all drinking wine—(red wine, as Dickens says) would be striking. . . . It's tiresome stuff to read, because it depends so much on situations. I have been touching the book up though, and improved it here and there, I think.

" A letter this morning from the illustrious Blank offering me his prompt book to look at. . . . I think I shall borrow the treasure. Why not ? Of course he will say that he has produced the play and all that sort of thing; but what does that matter, if one can only get one hint out of it ?

" The longer we live, the more we see that if we only do our own work thoroughly well, we can be independent of

everything else or anything that may be said. . . .

" I see in Landry a great deal of Manette—that same vacant gaze into years "gone by when he crouched in his dungeon nursing his wrongs. , . .

" I shall send you another book soon to put any of your alterations and additions in. I've added a lot of little things